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Gifts Of Love

Reference number PT0528

A fresh picked rose beside my bed,
the coffee pot there, hot there when I raise my head.
Each day the first thing that I see:
his little gifts of love for me.

When days were cold, when nights were rough,
I thought his small ways always ought to be enough.
So now why should my smile be dim,
accepting gifts of love from him?

Oh, it's time I stop to think, time I start to learn,
time I gave him something in return.

I'll share his bed, return his touch, let old dreams die now,
by now I shouldn't mind so much.
And this I swear to God above:
to give him gifts, he'll think they're gifts,
to him they'll seem my gifts of love.